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POETRY.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Memory Bells.

BY ALMA FENDELLER.

I have heard an old, familiar hymn

Which we sang together,

At the old school-room's dingy old room

Or in rough and wintry weather.

And somehow I thought of the past school days.

Of the faces young and pleasant,

The voices sweet and pleasant,

The voices sweet and pleasant,

The voices sweet and pleasant,

The voices sweet and pleasant,

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The voices sweet and pleasant,

sofa, and I will go for a doctor at once."

No other suggestion could have

brought such relief to his heart.

"Do," I murmured, sinking on the

sofa. "Don't come back without one."

In fifteen minutes, Aristarchus re-

turned with the doctor, a stranger of

whose skill I knew nothing, but whose

size rejoiced me, for he looked as if he

might eat Aristarchus at two mouth-

fuls, if necessary. I was no longer

afraid, and told the doctor at once that

I had no need of his services for my-

self, but for my poor husband. At this

Aristarchus dropped into a chair like

a hot potato, but I went on and told

the doctor about his ravings and my

fears, and his first attempt to choke

me to death. Aristarchus did not in-

terrupt me, but his eyes seemed to

grow bigger and bigger, and his face

turned all colors. When I had finish-

ed, he burst forth without waiting for

the doctor to speak.

"Good heavens! Cordeila, why didn't

you tell me you were afraid, instead of

getting a doctor here and publishing it?

Doctor, the whole explanation is this:

I have a chronic trouble. An elec-

trocutionist says he can cure me; I go

to him twice a week for lessons, and of

course practice much of the time when

in my study. His treatment includes

some simple gymnastic exercises, of

which one is to knead the throat. I

didn't tell Cordeila about it, because—

well, I was afraid she would think—in

short, I was afraid she might not have

much faith in it."

That miserable doctor burst out

laughing and laughed until he shook

in his chair, and Aristarchus joined in

and laughed till he shook, and I felt

like shaking them both.

This was only the beginning. Arist-

archus no longer held the monopoly;

for the children thinking it the best of

fun soon joined in. If I asked Arist-

archus what he would like for dinner,

he would most likely answer:

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brassy

rats, brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,

brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,

brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,

brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,

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brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,

door with his coat on, and asked me

why I had been running down the

street after Judge Leland. I didn't

tell him.

Not long after this adventure a

worse one happened.

Aristarchus had occasion to go down

into the basement, and as he went he

loudly declaiming:

"Come out, you old speckled hypo-

crit, from that deep, dark den, over-

hanging with alders, on the evil deeds of

which no sunbeam ever shone. Nay,

I have thee fast. Plunge not, wriggle

not, jump not. It is all in vain. There

—now I stretch thee on the stones!"

Meanwhile, I noticed a couple of la-

boring men standing at our gate evi-

dently listening, and I ran to the cellar

door to just as Aristarchus not to rave so

loudly, but just as I reached the door

his voice ceased, a loud noise, as of a

falling body, succeeded, followed by an

ominous silence.

